Ode to a Musquito.

Sweet warbler, when the midnight hour draws near,
And "sleep knits up the raveled sleeve of care,"
I hear thy accents, softly sweet and clear,
Come floating o'er the circumambient air.

What though sleep fly before thee—who would sleep
When his rapt soul might listen to thy lays,
Thy grand Wagnerian symphonies, and deep-
Toned melodies that speak of other days?

But if thou shouldst prefer thy song should be
"The music of the Future"—quick abscond,
And keep thy strains till the dull earth shall see
The far off centuries of the far beyond.

A NEIGHBORLY CHAT.

Mrs. Smith, after the old-time fashion of some country neighborhoods, had brought her work to Mrs. Worth's house, intending to spend the afternoon. Had she been in some houses perhaps her conversation would have been gossipy—even slanderous—in its character; but Mrs. Worth, she knew, was not one to encourage anything of the kind; so before she was aware she was discussing with her hostess topics of a very different nature.

"Are you mending Laura's dress?" asked Mrs. Smith, in a tone of deepest surprise.

"Yes—why not?" answered Mrs. Worth.

"Because she's twelve years old—quite big enough to do her own mending."

"Big enough, yes—but she hasn't the time."

"Hasn't the time, indeed! Why Mrs. Worth, I never saw your Laura doing anything."

"O, Mrs. Smith, you must remember she goes to school."

"Goes to school! So do my girls. But there is plenty of time for mending out of school hours."

"Not so very much." Mrs. Worth spoke quite firmly. "She leaves home at 8 in the morning and does not get back until 5 in the afternoon. When could she sew?"

"An hour before supper, or two hours in the evening."

"Why, Mrs. Smith, you forget her lessons; they take up all the evening; and I certainly think she is entitled to her one hour before supper for rest and amusement, and after her hard day's work."

"Well, I don't think so. I think, after I let my girls off all day and enjoy themselves doing nothing, it's little enough for me to get some work out of them when they come home."

"I say it's cruel; children's constitutions are not made of iron!" Mrs. Worth was growing indignant.

"That's all very well to say; but are children any better now than they were forty years ago? Their mothers and grandmothers had to get up and do a half-day's work before they went to school."

"Perhaps—but, perhaps, if the children in the past had not been so shamefully overworked, the children in the present might have inherited more strength than they have. The human system is not a machine, out of which must be tortured the greatest amount of labor of which it is capable; but it is the abode of an immortal life, to which all labor, however great or small, is the servant. My Laura is not a machine, she is an angel!" Mrs. Worth was so earnest that she actually more than half convinced her fault-finding neighbor.

"Maybe you're right," Mrs. Smith hesitatingly admitted, "but I think mending for a girl 12 years old encourages her to idleness."

"Not at all," emphatically answered Mrs. Worth; "she has no chance to be idle. With her school and her lessons, she has more on her mind than I, with my whole house and family. And if you will carefully question every mother, teacher and child in the neighborhood, I think you will be compelled to agree with me."

Mrs. Smith was at loss for an answer, so she let her eyes wander aimlessly around her. Suddenly she caught sight of the basket filled with neatly ironed clothes.

"Six handkerchiefs marked 'L.' Four pairs of stockings. Three sailor collars. All in the wash in one week." Mrs. Smith made a long pause between each comment. "Mrs. Worth, does Laura use all those in one week?"

"She does," quietly answered Laura's mother.

"But what extravagance!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "You indulge her too much. You'll make her too dainty. I think it does children good to keep them down a little. Why that's a clean handkerchief every day.

"Mrs. Smith, I do not consider myself extravagant," answered Mrs. Worth.—"Laura wears no jewelry nor fancy dresses to school. But I feel that if I ever allow my child to be anything else than perfectly clean, I do her a moral wrong. The body cannot be dirty without tainting the soul. Laura needs—absolutely needs—just what you see. I will never forget the miseries I endured as a child by an insufficiency of these things. I had no mother."

As she spoke, the lady dropped a tear on her hand. Her visitor was touched, and felt rise within her something like admiration for the speaker.

"Well," she said at length, "Laura ought to be very grateful to you."

"Grateful to me?" asked Mrs. Worth; "what for?"

"For all you do for her."

"For all I do for her? Why Mrs. Smith, I only do my simple duty—hardly that, I sometimes think, when I consider the greatness of my responsibility. Grateful to me! Why, whose place but mine is it to give her a mother's care? Who else should do it? Why, so far from her feeling obliged to me for caring for her, I ought to be severely punished if I did not."

"Children are a great trouble," feebly began Mrs. Smith.

"Yes; but that's not their fault. They do not ask us to assume any such burden; it is voluntary on our part. They have nothing to do with their coming into the world of trouble—we everything. Is not this true? Have we any right to buy what we cannot pay for!"

The questioner was silenced for a time. Mrs. Worth had finished mending Laura's dress, and was now darning her gayly-striped hose.

"You're a queer woman," at last remarked the visitor. "Now suppose you had half a dozen children."

"But I haven't" replied Mrs. Worth.

"Now, just suppose you had," persisted Mrs. Smith. "I have eight.—How could I mend for and look after so many, like you do for two? Could you?"

"I don't know," thoughtfully answered Mrs. Worth, "but I know this—no woman has any moral right to any more children than she can properly care for."

"What?" almost screamed Mrs. Smith.

"It's as true as gospel," firmly asserted Mrs. Worth. "The Lord never requires of any of us more than we can do."

"Well, I sometimes think he does," dolefully answered the other woman.—"We see families of ten and twelve everywhere."

"So we do," assented Mrs. Worth, "but if we think very carefully we are compelled to believe that the Lord often bears the blame of humanity's blunders. If we deliberately put our hands into the fire and burn them, we have no right to say that the Lord burnt our hands, though He did make the law that fire consumes almost anything that it touches. God governs the universe by law—and we can, to a certain extent, put ourselves within or without the reach of any particular law. Can we not?"

"'I see men as trees walking,'" unconsciously quoted Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Worth smiled gladly, thinking to herself that she had momentarily touched her neighbor's little-used intellect.

"Suppose, though," continued Mrs. Smith, falling back into her old strain, "Laura should grow up and bring discredit upon your training."

"Well," answered Mrs. Worth, a shade of tenderness mingled with anxiety crossing her fine features, "I cannot think she will; I have faith to believe she will not. But if she should, I will faithfully strive to do my part; I believe that if every parent did so, not one child in a hundred would go astray. I must not think of anything but my *own* duty—*hers* is another matter. I dare not neglect mine simply because I am afraid she will hers. Two wrongs do not make a right. So, then, if I do have a bad child, I will at least have a clear conscience."

"Is there any use of educating her so much?" inquired Mrs. Smith, flying off on a tangent. "Do you expect her to teach?"

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Worth. "I hope not; teachers usually have such hard lives. But I want her educated, simply because I believe it the duty of every parent to educate his or her child, and the right of every child to obtain an education."

"Suppose parents cannot afford it."

"Then they must be very shiftless parents; in fact, such parents cannot afford to have children at all. No man has any right to marry who sees no prospect of supporting a family; do you think he has?"

"No, I cannot say that I do. But what is the use of an education, unless one earns a living by it?"

"Mrs. Smith, such a question should not be considered a moment—except, perhaps, in case of technical training. But it is just as much my duty to cultivate my child's mind as her muscles.—The Lord gave her an intellect just as surely as he did a right arm. What would you think of me if I never permitted her to use that right arm? Do you see the analogy? Now, there are many cases in which control of our brains is of more use to us than control of our bodies."

"I see; I never thought of that before. But, Mrs. Worth, if you educate Laura so highly; if you keep her at school until she is 18, won't she become too fine for every day work?—Won't she despise plain housekeeping? Besides, when will she find time to learn it?"

"She won't despise every-day work, or anything useful, unless my home-training is in fault. In fact, the more learned she becomes, the more hope will I have for her; it is only the half-educated who put on such airs. As to time in which to learn—I don't worry about that. An intelligent person can always learn faster than a dull one. I venture to say that, in less than six months after she graduates, Laura will be an accomplished house-keeper.—Next, I venture to see her mistress of some accomplishment by which she will always be able to earn a living."

"Have you no fear of her health? So many young girls have died, within the last few years, of over-study."

"Not a great deal. I think many of the deaths said to be from over-study were, in reality, from other causes. I admit that every modern school or college for young ladies requires a great deal of hard work; but, then, instructors reasonably expect that when a girl is actually in pursuit of an education, she will make it her chief business. But here, you see a studious girl who supports herself by teaching out of school-hours; here, another who has too many home-cares on her shoulders; another, who is insufficiently clothed and fed; still another, who was already delicate in health when she entered upon her course of study. Now, these things should not be. In such a case there is always somebody to blame—somebody's ignorance, or carelessness, or selfishness is at the bottom of the whole matter.—Study, pure and simple, within reasonable limits, never killed anybody. Now, I intend to regulate Laura's clothes, food, rest, exercise, and everything, myself. I will use every care, and be guided by the light of all possible science on the subject, and I will see if she does not graduate as strong and well as ever she was."

"Suppose she had no mother."

Mrs. Smith's tone changed from caviling to one almost of reverence.'

"Ah! that I must leave to the hands of the Lord. But while she has one she shall never suffer the need of one."

When Mrs. Smith rose to go, she pressed her friend's hand fervently.—With something like tears in her eyes and voice, she softly murmured: "Dear Mrs. Worth! I will never forget this day. You have made me another and, I hope, a better woman. You will have your reward some day, whether in this world or the next. Good-by!"—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

A driver in the Troy fire department has invented a contrivance by which his horses are unharnessed by simply pulling the reins.

The Morality Bard.

"I want to get a position for my wife on your paper if I could," said a meek man with a slight tinge of reproach, as he came into the *Boomerang* office yesterday and sat down on the desk with his coat-tails in the cold, calm depths of the paste fountain.

"She is really one of the literati, although people who has known her only by her washin' and ironin' don't suspect it. I, however, know her great mental scope. I've been married to her twenty-one years next frost, and I've been thrown more or less in contact with her. My soul and hern has communed together time and again, and we have discussed questions of considerable depth off and on.

"She writes a good legible hand and is quick in figures. Whether you want some one to make out bills for pay locals, or write a eulogy on a paid up subscriber, she's your huckleberry. She is a perfect lady, and you might have her on your corps for years and the forked tongue of scandal would never touch you. She's plain, of course, in feature, and has an impediment in one limb, it being shorter than the other by four inches. This gives her an eccentric movement when she walks, like a self-rake reaper; but Lord, you'd never notice that after you come to know and love her.

"She can trill a stanza of poetry occasionally, too, if you give her time to think of a few hard words. She has wrote some as fine things as I have ever saw in the English language. She is better, however, on death than anything else. She loves to turn loose and mourn in easy rhyme at so much per stanza and found.

"She wrote a short poem on the death of a young man in our neighborhood, who was drowned while in a swimming in the Stinking Water Creek. It run something like this:

"O, treacherous, treacherous tide,
Young William for to drownd—
To madly yank him off his base
And whirl him round and round.

"We found him in the twilight hour,
Freed from his earthly woes;
His calm face upward turning,
And alkali up his nose.

"His person was sunk in the shifting sand,
His mouth was open wide,
The Pollywogs nestled in his ears.
Beneath the fragrant tide.

"His open-back shirt lay on the shore,
And the balance of his trousseau,
While his soul went scooting up the flume,
Out through the ether blue.

"'Twas down around the coyote Point
We found him when evening fell,
And we planted him under the cactus vines,
In the shaft of the Mountain Bell.

"Good-bye, William, far away
On the edge of a large damp cloud,
Though you're among the angel gang,
You needn't feel so doggon proud.

"I will also leave with you a few sonnets which are the work of her pen. You can look them over and let me know in a day or two what salary you feel like paying a woman of her strength of intellect and grip of genius. Till then adieu. I will call again Friday and complete the trade." Without another word he was gone, and he has not been seen since. Later on, however, when we want to double up the subscription of the paper, we will publish another one of these poems. With our present facilities we do not dare to do it.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

She Experienced a Change.

He found an old colored woman rocking back and forth and crying vigorously.

"My good woman," asked the gentleman, "what is the trouble?"

"Oh! Lordy, massy! trubble enuff! Oh! oh! oh! my ole man done gone and got missin'. Oh! oh! de werry bestest and kindest ole man in de hull kommunity!"

"Very singular," mused the gentleman; "but he will probably return all right. Excuse me, but does he ever drink?"

"Drink? My ole man drink? No sah; he nebber teched a drop of likker in his hull life. De fac is"—very mysteriously—"he had money on his puson. He had seventy-five cents all in silver dat he was goin' to pay for a wheelbarry. He was his own boss and de funs was his own. Dere's de orful trufe! And sech a good man too, as nebber did a mean trick in his hull life!"

At this moment, just as the gentleman was about to offer some pecuniary assistance and take his leave, the door flew open and the most battered-up, disreputable looking old darkey fell into the room, and tried to brace up by clasping the stovepipe in his arms. The widow expectant dried her tears and gathered him up in one fell swoop.

"So you's turned up agin, ye poh, mizzible object, hev yo," she shrieked, shaking him clear off the floor with every word. "Come back, has yo, like a bad penny! Whar's dat money? Been robbed, has yo?" with a terrific shake; "and a drinkin' linnermint, ye poh' mizzible rick-rack? Whar's dat ar seventy-five cents gone tew, while yo was a missin'?"

As she stopped to take a moment's breath the sympathizing citizen dropped an alms on the table and hastily placed himself among the "missin'."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

It is estimated that nearly 2,000,000,000 pounds of paper are produced annually; one half of which is used for printing, a sixth for writing, and the remainder is coarse paper for packing and other purposes. The United States alone produces yearly 200,000 tons of paper, averaging seventeen pounds per head for its population. The Englishman comes next with about twelve pounds per head; the educated German takes eight pounds; the Frenchman seven pounds, whilst the Italian, Spaniard and Russian take respectively three pounds, one-half pound and one pound annually.

***"Slow and steady wins the race.' Steadily, but not slowly, Kidney-Wort is distancing all competition for universal popularity and usefulness. This celebrated remedy can now be obtained in the usual dry vegetable form, or in liquid form. It is put up in the latter way for the especial convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. It will be found very concentrated and will act with equal efficiency in either form. Read advertisement.

The Undiscovered Draft.

Not a few of those calling themselves students treat their text-books as the "Family Bible" is usually treated. Of one of these loiterers about the gates of knowledge the following story of how he was taught a lesson is told:

An old tradesman in a French town sent his nephew Alfred to study law at Paris. He gave him an old code annotated by a leading member of the country bar, and said,—

"I will pay you a visit in March, and if I am pleased with your progress, I will give you such a tip as will make glad your heart and cause your face to shine."

In March the old gentleman called on his nephew.

"Well, Alfred, hard at work, I see. Made good progress with your code? Pretty well through it by this time, I expect?"

"Yes, respected sir, my life has been one continual grind. Your venerable friend's marginal notes I found of great service while laboring at the code."

"Good boy—excellent young man! You got my draft of course. It is a pleasure to me to reflect that my bounty was not ill-bestowed."

"Your draft, uncle? No; I never received it."

"Show me that code."

The old man opened the book and showed his stupefied nephew a draft for two thousand francs, dated five months before, which had all the time been reposing between the first two leaves of the code!

Even Montana must have its sensation. An old Chinaman found dead at Park City is said to have been rich once in China, and to have been engaged in a conspiracy which resulted in his death sentence and the confiscation of his property. He escaped from prison, emigrated to America, and was a marked man even here, suffering many persecutions from the Six Companies.

Commissioner's Notice.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF GEORGE MERKLE, DECEASED.

We, the undesigned, having been appointed by the Hon. A. A. Harper, Judge of Probate in and for the county of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the store of John Walsh, at Bennington Station, in said county, on Monday, the 30th day of October, 1882, and on the 6th day of March, A.D. 1883, at one o'clock in the afternoon of each of said days, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting all claims against said estate, and that six months from the 6th day of September, 1882, are allowed to creditors to present their claims to said commissioners for adjustment and allowance.

Dated the 6th day of September, A.D. 1882.

DAVID DUTCHER, }
JOHN WALSH, } Commissioners.

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